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remember that the Red Cross was organized primarily to care for the wounded in battle, and that this cannot be effectively done without a carefully predetermined organization and trained personnel.

One of the most important elements of this organization is the nursing service, the personnel of which must come from the body of trained nurses throughout the country. How many, think you, we will need? How many did we need, but did not have in 1864, when 93,000 of our soldiers were in hospitals, scattered throughout the country? If we counted but five nurses to a hundred patients, this number would require over forty-six hundred, with every one for duty every day. In our next war—and it may not be far off—we will probably need twice as many. Where are they coming from? This, my colleagues of the nursing specialty, I leave for you to determine, resting secure in the thought that the women of our country have never been called upon to meet a real need and failed to respond. Follow, I beg, the example of the great soldier nurse, Florence Nightingale, who to-day, in her 91st year, is an ardent supporter of the Red Cross. Enlist under its banner, and let its cross and motto be your guide and inspiration.

THE CHAIRMAN: There is one orator in America who has the gift of divining our thoughts, and expressing them far better than we can express them ourselves. He always thinks, and always says those things which we ordinary mortals sometimes wish on our way home we might have said. Sometimes it is the fine moral scorn at a great political meeting; sometimes it is the voice of literature or art; but to-night we have called upon him to voice our admiration and gratitude for a great service to humanity, and no one can do that so well as our beloved and admired fellow-citizen, the Honorable Joseph H. Choate.

WHAT FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE DID FOR MANKIND

By JOSEPH H. CHOATE

I CONSIDER it a very great privilege to be permitted to stand here for a few minutes to speak about Florence Nightingale. How could this great convention of the nurses of America, gathered from all parts of the country, representing a thousand schools of trained nurses; representing more than fifty thousand graduates of those schools, and more than twenty-five thousand pupils of those schools to-day—how could they better close their conference than by coming here to-night, to celebrate the foundation, by that great woman, of the one first great training



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FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

**From a wood engraving by Timothy Cole in the Century Magazine for
November, 1910. Taken at the command of the Queen soon
after Miss Nightingale's return from the Crimea.**

school for nurses, which was the model of them all? And how could she, that venerable woman, be more highly honored than by this gathering, in a distant land, of these representatives of the profession which she really founded and created, to do her honor? I hope that before we close our proceedings this evening, we shall authorize our presiding officer to send her a cable of affection and gratitude for all the great work she has done, not only from all the nurses of America, but to testify the admiration of the entire American people for her great record, and her noble life.

One word as to the place and date of her birth. She was born in the beautiful city of Florence, where the steps of Americans always love to linger, in the very first year of the reign of George the Fourth. She lived in honor and triumph through the succeeding reigns of William the Fourth, of Victoria, and of Edward the Seventh, and at last united with the rest of her countrymen to hail the accession of George the Fifth who, I am sure, values her among his subjects quite as highly as he does the most renowned statesmen and greatest soldiers among them.

She was born in the first administration of James Monroe, the fifth president of the United States,—before the Monroe doctrine had ever yet been thought of. She has lived through the entire terms of the twenty succeeding presidents, and is now cherished by the hearts of the American people as one of the great heroines of the race.

As there were great heroes before Agamemnon, so she would be the last to wish us to deny or ignore the fact that there were splendid nurses engaged in the work, even before she was born. Not trained nurses, nursing according to the modern school of the Nightingale system, but women, ladies, refined, delicate, accomplished, giving themselves to the service of the sick and suffering. And I believe we ought always to acknowledge the debt of gratitude that the world owes to the great Roman Catholic Church for the Sisters of Mercy, whom for centuries it was sending out for the relief and succor of the sick and suffering in all parts of the world. It has been truly said that for centuries the Roman Catholic community was training and setting apart holy women to minister to the sick and poor in their own homes, and had hospitals supplied with the same type of nurses. A large number of these women were ladies of birth and breeding who worked for the good of their souls and the welfare of their church; while all received proper education and training, and abjured the world for the religious life. Now all you have to add to that character is the discipline and special training and organization which Florence Nightingale contributed to this great profession, to bring before your view the trained nurse as she is to-day.

This woman of great brains, of large heart, of wonderfully comprehensive faculties, appears to have been born a nurse. If the stories we hear of her in the nursery are true, that was literally so; because they tell us that her dolls were always in very delicate health, and had to be daily put to bed and nursed and petted, with all possible care; and that the next morning they were restored to health only to become ill again for service the next night. And her sister's dolls—she was less careful of them—suffered all kinds of broken limbs, and were subjected to amputation and splinting and decapitation; and Florence was on hand always to restore those broken fragments to their original integrity.

She had every possible advantage to make her what she afterwards came to be. She was born in that most interesting phase of English society—in English country life—where for centuries it has been the rule that the lord of the manor, the squire in his mansion, the leading person of the region, and his family have the responsibility always upon them to take care of the sick and suffering among all their neighbors. She was trained in that school; and one of her first experiences was to visit with her mother the poor and the sick of all the neighboring region.

And she had a magnificent education. She was not averse to the pleasures of society; but she fortunately had a father who believed in discipline, and he brought her up to the finest education known to that day. Not only was she thoroughly trained in Greek and Latin and mathematics, but in French and German and Italian, and I do not suppose there was any young woman of her time who was better or more brilliantly educated than this woman, who was to become the leading nurse of the world.

She was brought up to believe in work and training. And would you know the secret of her success; would you realize the rule of her life? Let me give it to you in her own words. "I would say," she says, "I would say to all young ladies who are called to any particular vocation, qualify yourself for it, as a man does for his work. Don't think you can undertake it otherwise. Submit yourself to the rules of business, as men do, by which alone you can make God's business succeed." And again she says: "Three-fourths of the whole mischief in women's lives arises from their excepting themselves from the rules of training considered needful for men."

Besides this, she had every possible advantage in the way of association. Early in life, as a very young girl, or young woman, she made the intimate acquaintance of Elizabeth Frye, who had already for many years been visiting the sick in the prisons and had established, under her old-

fashioned Quaker garb, such an immense reputation as a reformer of prison life. And through Elizabeth Frye, she fell in, fortunately, with the Fliedners, Theodore and Fredericka Fliedner, who had established in Germany a real training school for nurses; and it was the delight of her life, that she, an accomplished lady, went to that training school of the Fliedners, on the banks of the Rhine, and went in, adopting the garb, following the habits, and associating on terms of absolute equality with the nurses that were there being trained, all of whom, but herself, I believe, were of the peasant class; and came out of it, after a few months, knowing as much about nursing as it was possible for any woman then to know.

Then she visited the hospitals of all the great countries of Europe, and among others, she spent some weeks, or months, with the Sisters of St. Vincent De Paul, that splendid Catholic institution where some of those nurses, such as I have described to you, were already gathered, and there she added to her wealth of knowledge and richness of experience.

She recognized no religious differences. Catholic and Protestant were both alike to her. The real object of her life; the real object that she had in view in influencing other women was how best they might come to benefit mankind.

The English hospitals of that day could not, by any chance, be compared with those upon the continent which she had visited. The character of the nurses was absolutely beneath contempt. Let me read you from a very authoritative statement what the fact was about them: "The nursing in our hospitals was largely in the hands of the coarsest type of women: not only in training, but coarse in feeling, and even coarser morally. There was little to counteract their baneful influence, and the atmosphere of the institutions, which as the abode of the sick and dying had special need of spiritual and elevating influences, was of a degrading character. The habitual drunkenness of these women was then proverbial, while the dirt and disorder rampant in the ward were calculated to breed disease. The profession—if the nursing of that day can claim a title so dignified—had such a stigma attached to it, no decent woman cared to enter it; and if she did, it was more than likely she would lose her character."

Now, she had to compare with this the splendid discipline and training that was maintained at Kaiserswerth, and the very fine character of the nurses whom she had seen in these Catholic institutions abroad. She had acquired a thorough training and she was ready to become a true pioneer in the profession to which she was to give her life. She wrote a book about her experiences at Kaiserswerth. It shows she was a

woman in every sense of the word, full of sensibility. She never married; but although she never married herself, she approved of it. Let me read you a few words from her own book. In her description and reminiscences of Kaiserswerth she says: "It has become the fashion of late to cry up old maids, and inveigh against marriage as the vocation of all women; to declare that a single life is as happy as a married one, if people would but think so; so is the air as good a medium for fish as water, if they did but know how to live in it. So she could be single and well content, but hitherto we have not found that young English women have been convinced, and we must confess that in the present state of things their horror of being old maids seems justified."

So you see, it was not without a full appreciation of all that goes to make home life tender and happy that she turned her back upon matrimony, and gave it up for nursing and caring for the sick.

She was fortunate at every step of her career. She was the immediate neighbor, down there on the borders of Wiltshire, of the great Sydney Herbert, who afterwards became the war minister of the day, at the time of the Crimean war, and at his splendid ancestral home, Wilton House, she was a frequent visitor; she was well liked by that household and by all who knew her. Her training told; her education told; her character told. Let me read you a wonderful prophecy that was made about her, long before the Crimean war broke out, long before she had shown what was in her, and what she could do. This verse is by Ada, Countess of Lovelace, the daughter of Bryon; and I say it is a wonderful prophecy:

In future years, in distant climes,
Should war's dread strife its victims claim;
Should pestilence unchecked, betimes,
Strike more than swords, than cannon maim;
Then readers of these truthful rhymes
Will trace her progress through undying fame.

I think it is not often that you will find in history such a prophecy as that, so absolutely realized within a few short years.

Well, then came the breaking out of the Crimean war. As Col. Hoff told you, 25,000 English soldiers landed at Scutari. And such a state of things, I won't say never has been heard of, because it is often heard of in the outbreak of many a war, which often finds a nation utterly unprepared to wage it. There were no ambulances, no nurses, no means provided for caring for the wounded and suffering soldiers as they were brought in from the fields of battle.

Fortunately we had a great war correspondent at the Crimea in those

days—we afterwards knew him here, when he wrote the dispatches about our battle of Bull Run—Mr. William Howard Russell, as he was then called, who spoke in clarion notes to the men, and especially to the women of England, making an appeal which reached the ears of this wonderful woman, and made her the heroine of her age. Let me read you one sentence of Russell's appeal. After describing the horrible state of things that existed at the Crimea, and the shameful want of preparation for the care of the soldiers, he says: "Are there no devoted women amongst our people, willing to go forth to minister to the sick and suffering soldiers of the east, in the hospitals of Scutari? Are there none of the daughters of England, at this stormy hour of night, ready for such a work? France has sent forth her Sisters of Mercy unsparingly, and they are even now by the bedsides of the wounded and dying, giving what woman's hand alone can give of comfort and relief. Must we fall far below the French in self-sacrifice and devotedness in a work which Christ so signally blessed, as done to Himself, 'I was sick and ye visited me'?"

And a lady, the wife of an officer, wrote from the seat of war: "Could you see the scenes that we are daily witnessing you would indeed be distressed. Every corner is filled with the sick and wounded. If I am able to do some little good I hope I shall not be obliged to leave. Just now my time is occupied in cooking for the wounded. Three doors from me is an officer's wife who devotes herself to cooking for the sick. There are no female nurses here, which decidedly there should be. The French have sent fifty Sisters of Mercy who, I need hardly say, are devoted to the work. We are glad to hear that some efforts are being made at home."

Well, Miss Nightingale was one of the first to respond to that appeal. And yet there was hostile objection from many quarters: from official quarters, where it was thought that the present regimen, the present organization, was good enough, and could do all the work; from social sources, for whom Mrs. Grundy spoke, "Why certainly it cannot be proper for young women and young ladies to go as nurses in a soldiers' hospital, of all things in the world! Too horrible to think of!"

There was a great deal of that sort of opposition; and there was religious opposition, too. When she made up the band of thirty-seven nurses, which Colonel Hoff has spoken of as her first contingent with whom she went to the Crimea, there were ten Catholic Sisters of Mercy, twelve Church of England Sisters, I believe, and then there were some who belonged to neither organization; and the religious people took it up, and they said, "She is evidently going to the Crimea to convert the soldiers to the Roman Catholic Church;" and others said, "No, that isn't so; don't you see she is taking some that are neither Catholic nor

Episcopalian? We really believe that she belongs to that horrible sect, the Unitarians!"

Even *Punch*, who always represents the current feeling of the day, made a little light of her, and mingled admiration and raillery. Let me read you two of his verses, in honor of "The Lady Birds," as they were called in London before they started.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG TO A SICK SOLDIER

Listen soldier, to the tale, of the tender nightingale;
It is a charm that soon will ease your wounds so cruel.
Singing my song for your pain, in a sympathetic strain,
With a jug of lemonade and gruel,
Singing succor to the brave, and a rescue from the grave;
Hear the Nightingale sing that goes to Crimea.
'Tis a Nightingale as tender in her heart as in her song,
To carry out her golden idea.

When this terrible state of things was disclosed by the letters of Russell and other news that came from the seat of war, the government was as horror-stricken as the people, and so were Mr. Sydney Herbert, the life-long friend of Florence Nightingale, and Mrs. Herbert, who was also one of her friends. Mr. Herbert, who was responsible for the administration of military affairs, said to his wife, "We must send for Florence." And then a most singular coincidence happened. He wrote her a most serious and dignified letter, pointing out the necessity of sending a band of nurses, composed of capable and courageous women; and he said to her, "It all depends upon you; if our plan is to succeed, you must lead it." And without pressing her unduly, he put it before her as a matter of conscience and duty. I believe that letter was written on the fifteenth of October, 1854, when the first horrible news came from the front. What I call the remarkable coincidence was that on the same day, without knowing anything about the writing of that letter, Florence Nightingale was writing unsolicited, to Sydney Herbert, the Secretary of War, offering her services to lead a band of nurses to the front.

Time would fail me if I undertook to tell you the frightful condition of things she found when she got there. Doubtless you have all read of it. The great Barracks Hospital of Scutari was filled with thousands and thousands of sick and wounded men who had been brought from the seat of war, without nurses, without suitable food, without a laundry, without the possibility of a change of clothes, without a kitchen for the

preparation of proper food, with no possible conveniences or appliances for the care of the sick and the wounded. The descriptions are too horrible to realize or to repeat. She found these three or four thousand men in this great hospital, which had been a barracks and had been converted, off-hand, into a hospital—a place for the deposit of these poor bodies of the sick and wounded; and that was about all that had been done for them before Miss Nightingale arrived. They had had no medical attendance from the time they left the front many days before; they had had no change of clothing, not the possibility of a washing or of a clean shirt.

And this woman, with her thirty-eight nurses, came among them. It was chaos! confusion, worse confounded! She put to use her wonderful powers of organization, and in two months she had that hospital in absolute control. A kitchen was established and a laundry, and she provided ten thousand clean shirts for these sufferers, and had taken absolute command of the whole establishment, as the government had given her authority to do. In six months, great resources being sent to her from home, great numbers of recruits to her nurses arriving, every soldier, to the number of six thousand in the Barracks Hospital and in the General Hospital at Scutari, was being well and comfortably taken care of and provided for.

Then came all the other horrors that attend war. Fever broke out, and the frost-bitten men who had lain in the trenches before Sebastopol were brought in, after spending five days out of seven in those horrible trenches, exposed to the Crimean frost, with nothing but the linen clothes that they had worn in Malta. All these ghastly things she had to take care of and provide for, but her genius was equal to the emergency. Her powers of organization, her powers of endurance seem to me to outstrip those of any other woman on record. They tell us that for twenty hours at a time she would stand when the ships arrived,—twenty hours at a time,—receiving those broken fragments of men that came from the front, seeing that they were properly handled and cared for. And when all the work of the day was done and others rested she made her rounds, visiting the worst cases, the most frightful cases. They weren't safe, she thought, unless she personally visited them. She, the Lady in Chief, as she was ordinarily called, and "The Lady of the Lamp," as she became known in poetry and history, visited the bedsides of the suffering, soothed the suffering and dying; she wrote letters to their friends at home, and did everything that one woman could do to restore life and light to the suffering. Let me read you Longfellow's tribute to her:

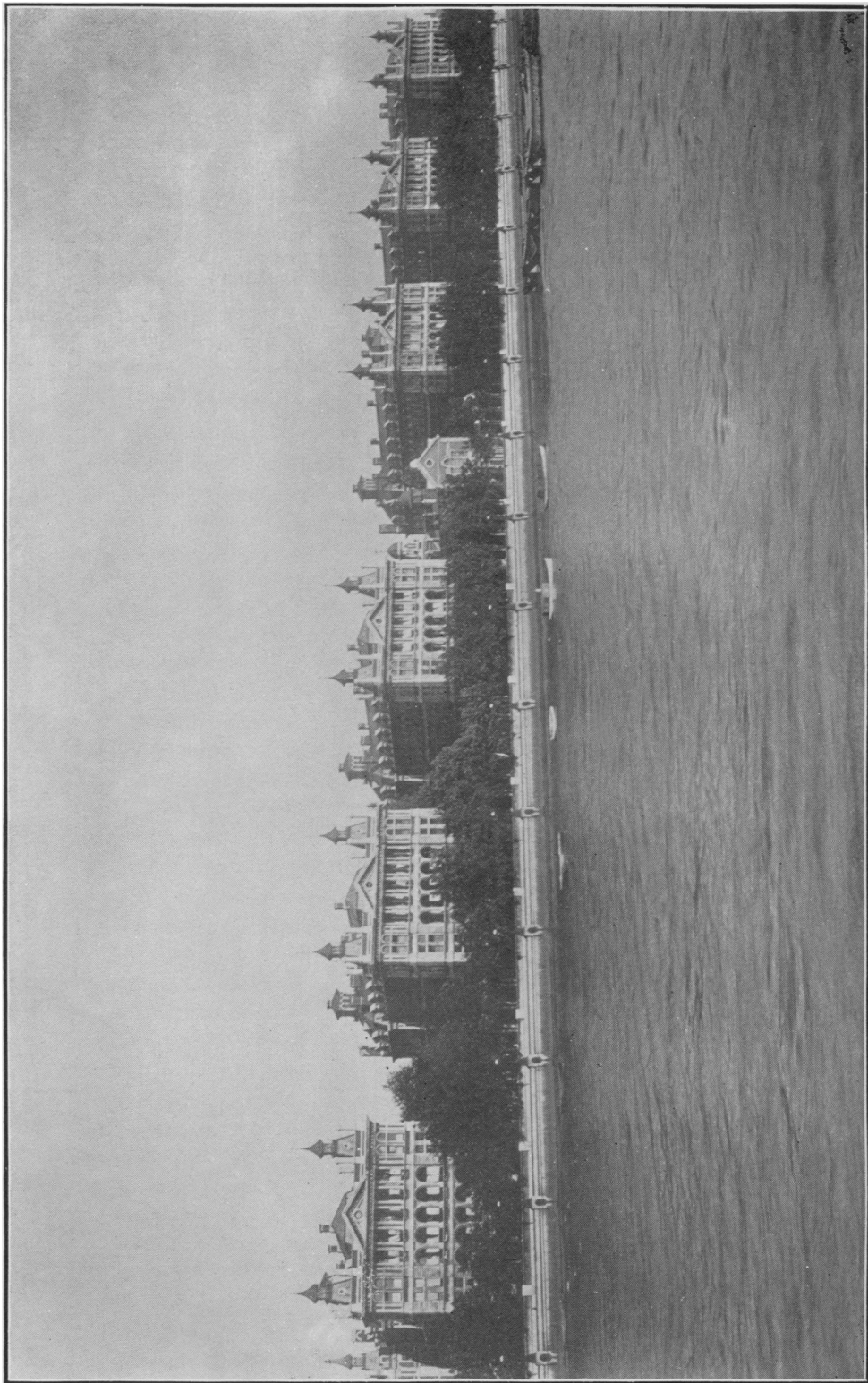
On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From the portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic Womanhood.

Then she went on from Scutari to the Crimea. She went so far as to visit Sebastopol itself, going to the very front, and looked not only into the trenches, but entered the great crater of that vast volcano of war; and on her way back she was stricken with the Crimean fever and very nearly lost her life, as Colonel Hoff said. They carried her to the hospital—one of those improvised hospitals on the heights of Balaklava, five hundred feet above the sea. She was nursed for weeks and weeks and weeks, and finally brought back to life. They tell us of the Six Hundred at Balaklava: that “into the jaws of death rode the six hundred!” Why this woman was in the jaws of death from the time she landed at Scutari until she was stricken down, eight months afterwards.

Then they said, “You must go home to England; that is the only way for you to get well.” “I will not go home,” she said, “I will not leave these soldiers;” and she continued her heroic duties of nursing and supervising. She was a great genius in every sense of the word. She would not go home, and did not go, until not only the war had closed, but until long after; until every soldier had been shipped home to England, and every hospital was cleared.

And then, how do you think she went home? she the foremost woman in the world now! to whom all mankind and womankind looked with reverence and honor. How do you think she went home? Did she go with a flare of trumpets? Did she expect or wait for a grand demonstration on her return? Did she notify everybody or anybody that she was coming? Not at all. She had such a horror of publicity, she was so modest, so meek,—one of those that are going to inherit the earth,—that she went home incognito. She arrived in England without anybody knowing it. She managed somehow or other to get into the back door of her father's house in Derbyshire, and the first that was known of her having returned to England was when the neighbors heard that Miss Florence was really sleeping in her father's house. *Punch*, always quick to respond to public feeling, reflected the sentiment of the hour with respect to her return. *Punch* says this:



RIVER FRONTAGE, ST. THOMAS' HOSPITAL.

Then leave her to the guide she has chosen;
She demands no greeting from our brazen throats and vulgar clapping hands.
Leave her to the sole comfort the saints know that have striven;
What are our earthly honors: her honors are in heaven!

Earthly honors awaited her. In truth the whole nation was up in arms to do her honor, to pay homage to her, and to make some reward for her wonderful sacrifice and services. Subscriptions were opened, not only in all parts of England, but in all the English dominions, extending all around the English world. Subscriptions were actually opened among the English residents at Hong Kong, and fifty thousand pounds was poured out by the English people into her lap. England is full of generosity to her heroes and heroines. She rewards her great generals with munificent sums; and so her people in this case wanted in like manner to honor this heroine of their own creation.

What did she say? She said, "Not for me; not one penny for me. I will not take a penny. But it has been the ambition of my life to establish a training school for nurses—the first of its kind to be conducted on high and broad and pure methods and principles. Let it all be devoted to that, and I accept the gift. Otherwise, not." And so it came about that the first great nurse's training school was established at St. Thomas's Hospital, which bears her name. It is still supported by "The Nightingale Fund," and is a model and example for all the training schools of the world.

Colonel Hoff has told you of her subsequent life. Practically her health was ruined. She has been fifty-five years an invalid, often confined to her bed, and yet always working for the good of humanity, always working for the relief of the sick and the wounded, the sanitation of camps and the relief and succor of the soldiers.

But she has had her reward; through all ranks of mankind, wherever there is a heart to beat in response to such noble deeds as hers there has been a glorious answer.

I will only speak for a few minutes of those things in which we are especially interested and first of the Red Cross. The convention that met in Geneva, in 1863, founded it and it has from time to time since been the subject of subsequent amendment. Our Hague Conference, in 1907, had representatives from forty-four nations, and there for the first time all the nations of the world became parties to the Red Cross movement, which meant the saving of the sick and the wounded, and hospital and ambulance corps to rescue them from all the perils of war and of battle; which meant preparation for war while yet there is peace, so that

these horrible sufferings that have been witnessed at the outbreak of almost every war may not be repeated. At the meeting of the Congress of Red Cross Societies, held in London two years later, in June, 1909, unanimous resolutions were passed, honoring Miss Nightingale and declaring that her work was the beginning of the Red Cross activities.

Then look at her influence in America! When our terrible Civil War broke out we were almost as unprepared in this matter of sanitation and nursing as the British had been at Scutari. Fortunately there were some women who lent their aid at once, and these were inspired by the example of Miss Nightingale. They were women of the same type. Let me read you the names of some of them. One, at least, is present here to-night, and I do not know but there are more. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the intimate friend of Miss Nightingale, is, I believe, still living in England, one year younger than Miss Nightingale herself. Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, Miss Dorothea L. Dix, Miss Collins, and Mrs. Griffin. What did they do? Why they were responsible, really, for our great sanitary commission, and they formed the woman's branch of that great humanitarian enterprise, which did so much to save our sick and wounded in that protracted and terrible war. They acknowledged their allegiance to Miss Nightingale, and were in constant correspondence with her. Dr. Blackwell had known absolutely all her methods, her principles, and her whole plan of nursing, and it was on those principles and those lines that our noble women worked.

Then, ten years afterwards, there came the foundation of this work in America—I might almost say the foundation of the training school for nurses—at Bellevue Hospital.¹ And there you find several of the same women again: Miss Schuyler, Miss Collins, Mrs. Wm. Preston Griffin, and leading them was Mrs. Joseph Hobson, afterwards president of one of the committees; and there was the mother of our present chairman, the woman of sainted memory, Mrs. William H. Osborn, who led their activities in the creation of that great school. It is a splendid thing that he should be here to-night to represent one who gave so much of her heart, her soul, her life, and her treasure to the building up of that school. Miss Nightingale was immediately approached by the founders of that school, and gave them full written instructions as to how they ought to proceed.²

¹ The exact dates of the founding of the first training schools in America, as given in the History of Nursing, are: The Women's Hospital, Philadelphia, 1863; New England Hospital for Women, Roxbury, Mass., 1872; Bellevue, May 1, 1873; New Haven, October 1, 1873; Massachusetts General, November 1, 1873.

² This letter is reproduced on page 361.

Her letter ought to be read by everybody; it is full, explicit, and detailed, and she is as much entitled to the credit of the creation of this first school in America as even those ladies of whom I have spoken.

Now, I close as I began. Do not let us separate to-night without authorizing our chairman to send, on behalf of all the nurses and all the people of America, a word of greeting and of gratitude to this noble woman.

THE CHAIRMAN: Has not Mr. Choate in his beautiful and appropriate address expressed our thoughts far more thoroughly and beautifully than we could have expressed them ourselves; and are we not indebted to him for it?

The chairman said that Mr. Choate had the power of divining our thoughts, and that he will now proceed to prove by reading a cablegram which was addressed to Miss Florence Nightingale at five o'clock this afternoon; so she is probably aware now that this great meeting is being held:

“MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, 10 South Street, London, England.

“Representatives of a thousand training schools and twenty-six thousand nurses in the United States of America assembled this evening in your honor, on the fiftieth anniversary of your founding of the first school for nurses, desire to send you their message of admiration, gratitude, and affection. They cherish your imperishable name and example as the guiding star in their profession.

(Signed) “ASSOCIATED NURSES OF THE UNITED STATES.”

THE CHAIRMAN: How simple it is to run with the multitude; to shout “Hurrah!” when everyone is shouting; how natural this evening to join in the apotheosis of the trained nurse. But it has not always been so; the introduction of trained nursing in this country was a long and difficult movement; it had at the outset few friends and many critics. It is a peculiar pleasure, therefore, to hear from one who is not only a distinguished physician, among the leaders of his profession, but who was a staunch and outspoken advocate of the trained nurse from the very beginning, Dr. William M. Polk.